

A LITTLE HOME

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Give me, Lord, a little home to be,
A happy place for one I love and me;
A place where we can shut the door and find
Comfort and peace for body and for mind.

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A little home that does not know the sound,
Of angry tiffs, where sulking is not found,
But loving words, a whistle and a song,
To help each other if the day goes wrong.

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A little home, where generous words can give,
Each to the other space to grow and live,
Where each is quick to help and understand,
Where trust and comradeship go hand in hand.

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A little home, in which all else above,
There is the beauty, and the joy of love,
A little home where thought and deed and word,
Are consecrated to thy service, Lord.

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This enlightening and lovely poem was written by Beatrice Gibbs.

NOTE:

This and other studies can be found at:

www.truthforthelastdays.com

www.theseecretofeternallife.com

www.clparker.com